

## DESIGNED BY WHITTLING YANKEES.

A Studio Where Many Statues of Native Americans Are Made.

[New York Sun.]

In Canal street there is a low, dingy building with a wide door, which in warm weather is always swung open. The interior, as seen through the opening, suggests a masquerade ball. Figures in all conceivable styles of gaudy costume are crowded together; some ranged demurely along the wall, others standing nose to nose and smirking in each other's faces as though talking in a low tone and maliciously criticising their neighbors, while occasionally there is seen standing with dignity apart an imposing swell, with his drapery wrapped majestically about his shoulders. The variety of costume among these people is only equalled by the variety of emotions which seem to be inspiring them. Some are in a towering rage, with arms uplifted threateningly, while others are mischievous, or sedate, or chipper, but the majority seem to be either cheerfully or sadly idiotic. They fill nearly all the standing space in the little room, and even swarm out upon the sidewalk, where people gather to stare at them curiously from time to time.

Though nearly all these queer specimens differ in complexion and costume, they all had a common origin in the butt ends of ships' masts, and their common mission in life is to stand in front of shops and perpetually offer bogus cigars to passing multitudes. A jolly young gentleman was in an inner room of this tobacco image menagerie, and whistled softly as he with gentle touches put a perfect blaze of crimson blushes upon the cheeks of a young lady who was brazenly flirting and smoking a cigarette as she did it.

"The image business in New York," he said, "is not what it was a few years ago, because we have lost old Daddy Brooks. Ah, old Daddy was the boss carver, and he taught all the carvers we have here. That's why we call him Daddy. He used to be down in West Broadway somewhere. Now he is in Chicago, and he took a lot of the boys out with him—that is, he took three or four. There never was over a dozen carvers here in New York at one time. There are not over six here now. They are all Yankees. The foreigners don't catch on, somehow, but the Yankees take to chopping out wooden images just as they do to whittling a pine shingle.

"We go down to the ship-yards and buy the butt ends of masts. Some are six or seven feet long, and some not over two or three, and we make big figures or little figures accordingly. Out of a seven-foot stick you can get a \$40 figure. We take the stick out in that back room first, where we have a dirt floor. Here we hew them into something like a general outline. Then we hoist them up-stairs, where we chip them down until we get to the fine touches and sandpaper; then they come down to me and I fix them out with a shining coat of colors on their wooden clothes, put them on rollers and trundle them out among the rest of the gang out there, where they wait until they make a mash and are carted away. I also take battered and weather-stained figures and put on an ear here or a nose there, or paint a blind eye into life again, rig them out in a brand new suit of clothes, and there they are. I get anywhere from \$10 to \$40 for the images—rarely over \$40. There are only two or three other shops, and we send images all over the country.

"Oh, of course styles change, but the genuine old roving redskin with a bad eye and an ugly looking tomahawk in his hand is the stand-by—that is, in the majority of the eastern and middle states. When you get way out west there is quite a run of just such flash Bowery girls as I am painting up here now. Dudes had quite a go for a while. I have got fully twenty-five dudes planted around in Brooklyn and New York even now, though dudes are on the wane, and Pucks, that were so popular a few years ago, are now so much dead wood on your hands. The Scotchman has gone for good, I guess, though I hear he is still all the go over in England. But the plain old war-whoop savage of the plains is the only chap you can bank on as steadily trustworthy. Indian maidens do very well, but not so well as the fine old gore-drinking warriors, with feathers and meat axes."

## Origin of "Stock Exchange."

Fortnightly Review.]

The adoption of the title of "stock exchange" dates from the 14th of July, 1773, when, as we are told in an old newspaper, "the brokers and others at New Jonathan's" (so called after the fire in 1748 had consumed Jonathan's property) came to the resolution that instead of its being called New Jonathan's it should be called the "Stock Exchange," which is to be wrote over the door." This change of name, however, was not effected without some ceremony, for the reporter goes on to say: "The brokers then collected sixpence each and christened the house with punch." Punch, by the way, appears to have been the special tipple of stockjobbers in those days, for in an old play written in 1710, in a scene at Jonathan's, one of the characters exclaims: "Punch! punch! punch in the morning! You surprise me, colonel!" To which the colonel replies: "Why, most of your stockjobbers drink it, for they are fit for nothing till their brains are a little addled." The custom of stock exchange punch-drinking still lingers at Birch's, I believe, but for the most part it has given way to the more conventional glass of sherry at Mabey's.

## Asphalt Pavement.

Figures have been produced showing that there are double the number of miles of asphalt pavement in use in the cities of this country than there are in all the cities of Europe, which has been considered the home of asphalt paving.

## Australian Railroads.

[San Francisco Bulletin.]

The government of Australia owns the railroads, and other great public works, as an offset to the debts created for their construction.

The "able-bodied paupers" of Belgium are, it is said, to be deported to the Congo as colonists.

Josh Billings: Kindness is an instinct, politeness only an art.

## A Remarkable Case.

Under the above heading the "Doncaster Reporter" of July 6, 1887, publishes the following in its editorial columns:

Our readers may recall the circumstance of a young clerk, named Arthur Richold, falling insensible on the Wheatley Lane in this town some time ago, and being picked up, as he continued perfectly helpless, and taken in a cab by two gentlemen to the office of F. W. Fisher, Esq., the solicitor who employed him. On restoring him to consciousness it was ascertained that he was afflicted with what seemed to be an incurable disease. When he was able to speak he said he had been to his dinner and was on his way back to his work, when suddenly his head was in a whirl and he fell in the street like a man who is knocked down. On coming to his senses in the solicitor's office he thought what this might mean, and feared he was going to have a fit of illness, which we all know is a very dreadful thing for a poor man with a family to care for.

With this in his mind he at once sought the best medical advice, telling the doctors how he had been attacked. They questioned him, and found that his present malady was exhaustion of the nervous system, resulting from general debility, indigestion and dyspepsia of a chronic nature. This in turn had been caused by confinement to his desk and grief at the loss of dear friends by death. The coming on of this strange disease, as described by Mr. Richold, must be of interest both to sick and well. He had noticed for several years previously, in fact, that his eyes and face began to have a yellow look; there was a sticky and unpleasant slime on the gums and teeth in the morning; the tongue coated; and the bowels so bound and costive that it induced that most painful and troublesome ailment—the piles. He says there was some pain in the sides and back and a sense of fullness on the right side, as though the liver were enlarging, which proved to be a terrible fact. The secretions from the kidneys would be scanty and high-colored with a kind of gritty or sandy deposit after standing.

These things had troubled Mr. Richold a long time, and after his fall in the street he clearly perceived that his fit of giddiness was nothing more than a sign of the steady and deadly advance of the complaint, which began in indigestion and dyspepsia. His story of how he went from one physician to another in search of a cure that his wife and little ones might not come to want is very pathetic and touching. Finally he became too ill to keep his situation and had to give it up. This was a sad calamity. He was appalled to think of how he should be able to live. But God raised up friends who helped to keep the wolf from the door. He then went to the seaside at Walton-on-the-Naze, but neither the change, nor the physicians who treated him there, did any good. All being without avail he visited London, with a sort of vague hope that some advantage might happen to him in the metropolis. This was in October, 1885.

How wonderful, indeed, are the ways of Providence, which dashes down our highest hopes and then helps us when we least expect it.

While in London he stated his condition to a friend, who strongly advised him to try a medicine which he called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, saying it was genuine and honest, and often cured when everything else had failed. He bought a bottle of a chemist in Piccadilly, and began using it according to the directions. He did this without any faith or hope, and the public may, therefore, judge of his surprise and pleasure when after taking a few doses he felt great relief. He could eat better, his food distressed him less, the symptoms we have named abated, the dark spots which had floated before his eyes like smuts of soot gradually disappeared, and his strength increased. Before this time his knees would knock together whenever he tried to walk. So encouraged was he now that he kept on using Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup until it ended in completely curing him.

In speaking of his wonderful recovery Mr. Richold says it made him think of poor Robinson Crusoe, and his deliverance from captivity on his island in the sea; and added, "But for Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup the grass would now be growing over my grave."

Our readers can rest assured of the strict truth of all the statements in this remarkable case, as Mr. Richold (now residing at Swiss Cottage, Walton-on-the-Naze), belongs to one of the oldest and most respected families in the beautiful village of Long Melford, Suffolk, and his personal character is attested by so high an authority as the Rev. C. J. Martyn. We have deemed the case of such importance to the public as to justify us in giving this short account of it in our columns.

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HAVING, BY AUTHORITY OF MY OFFICE, taken charge of the estate of the late William Turner, a naturalized citizen of the United States, who died intestate, I hereby notify persons to present their claims against said estate within six months from this date, and persons knowing themselves to be indebted, to make settlement within thirty days.

J. H. PUTNAM, Consul General.

Feb 8 15 22 29

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Often times disease, or partially decayed food, causes sickness, nausea and diarrhoea. If the bowels are cleansed from this impurity with a dose of Seigel's Operating Pills, these disagreeable effects will vanish, and good health will result.

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